Numb. 13

The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

From *Saturday May* 7. to *Tueſday May* 10. 1709.

From my own Apartment, May 8.

MUch Hurry and Buſineſs had to Day perplex'd me into a Mood too thoughtful for going into Company; for which Reaſon, inſtead of the Tavern, I went into *Lincoln's-Inn-Walks*; and after having taken a Round or Two, I ſat down, according to the allow'd Familiarity of theſe Places, on a Bench; at the other End of which ſat a venerable Gentleman, who ſpeaking with a very affable Air, *Mr.* Bickerſtaff, ſaid he, *I take it for a very great Piece of good Fortune, that you have found me out.* *Sir*, ſaid I, *I have not, that I know of, ever had the Honour of ſeeing you before.* *That*, reply'd he, *is what I have often lamented; but I aſſure you, I have for many Years done you good Offices, without being obſerv'd by you; or elſe, when you had any little Glimpſe of my being concern'd in an Affair, you have fled from me, and ſhun'd me like an Enemy; but however, the Part I am to act in the World is ſuch, that I am to go on in doing Good, tho' I meet with never ſo many Repulſes, ev'n from thoſe I oblige.* This, thought I, ſhows a great good Nature, but little Judgment in the Perſons upon whom he confers his Favours. He immediately took Notice to me, That he obſerv'd by my Countenance I thought him indirect in his Beneficence, and proceeded to tell me his Quality in the following Manner: *I know thee*, Iſaac, *to be ſo well vers'd in the Occult Sciences, that I need not much Preface, or make long Preparations to gain your Faith that there are Airy Beings, who are employ'd in the Care and Attendance of Men, as Nurſes are to Infants, till they come to an Age in which they can act of themſelves. Theſe Beings are uſually call'd amongſt Men*, Guardian Angels; *and, Mr.* Bickerſtaff, *I am to acquaint you, that I am to be yours for ſome Time to come; it being our Orders to vary our Stations, and ſometimes, to have one Patient under our Protection, and ſometimes another, with a Power about us of aſſuming what Shape we pleaſe, to enſnare our Wards into their own Good. I have of late been upon ſuch hard Duty, and know you have ſo much Work for me, that I think fit to appear to you Face to Face, to deſire you would give me as little Occaſion for Vigilance as you can.* *Sir*, ſaid I, *it will be a great Inſtruction to me in my Behaviour, if you pleaſe to give me ſome Account of your late Employments, and what Hardſhips or Satisfactions you have had in 'em, that I may govern my ſelf accordingly.* He anſwer'd: To give you an Example of the Drudgery we go through, I will entertain you only with my Three laſt Stations: I was on the Firſt of *April* laſt paſt, put to mortify a great Beauty, with whom I was a Week; from her I went to a common Swearer, and have been laſt with a Gameſter. When I firſt came to my Lady, I found my great Work was to guard well her Eyes and Ears; but her Flatterers were ſo numerous, and the Houſe, after the modern Way, ſo full of Looking-glaſſes, that I ſeldom had her ſafe but in her Sleep. Whenever we went abroad, we were ſurrounded by an Army of Enemies: When a well made Man appear'd, he was ſure to have a Side-glance of Obſervation: If a diſagreeable Fellow, he had a full Face, out of meer Inclination to Conqueſts. But at the cloſe of the Evening, on the Third of the laſt Month, my Ward was ſitting on a Couch, reading *Ovid*'s Epiſtles; and as ſhe came to this Line of *Helen* to *Paris*,

She half conſents who ſilently denies.

Enter'd *Philander*, who is the moſt skilful of all Men in an Addreſs to Women. He is arriv'd at the Perfection of the Art which gains 'em, which is, *To talk like a very miſerable Man, but look like a very happy one.* I ſaw *Diſtinna* bluſh at his Entrance, which gave me the Alarm; but he immediately ſaid ſomething ſo agreeable on her being at Study, and the Novelty of finding a Lady employ'd in ſo grave a Manner, that he on a ſudden became very familiarly a Man of no Conſequence; and in an Inſtant laid all her Suſpicions of his Skill aſleep, as he almoſt had done mine, till I obſerv'd him very dangerouſly turn his Diſcourſe upon the Elegance of her Dreſs, and her Judgment in the Choice of that very pretty Mourning. Having had Women before in my Care, I trembled at the *Apprehenſions of a Man of Senſe*, who could talk upon Trifles, and reſolv'd to ſtick to my Poſt with all the Circumſpection imaginable. In ſhort, I prepoſſeſs'd her againſt all he could ſay to the Advantage of her Dreſs and Perſon; but he turn'd again the Diſcourſe, where I found I had no Power over her, the abuſing her Friends and Acquaintance. He allow'd indeed, That *Flora* had a little Beauty, and a great deal of Wit; but then ſhe was ſo ungainly in her Behaviour, and ſuch a laughing *Hoyden* — *Paſtorella* had with him the Allowance of being blameleſs; But what was that towards being Praiſe-worthy? To be only Innocent, is not to be Virtuous. He afterwards ſpoke ſo much againſt Mrs. *Dipple*'s Forehead, Mrs. *Prim*'s Mouth, Mrs. *Dentifrice*'s Teeth, and Mrs. *Fidget*'s Cheeks, that ſhe grew downright in Love with him: For it is always to be underſtood, That a Lady takes all you detract from the reſt o her Sex to be a Gift to her. In a Word, Things went ſo far, that I was diſmiſs'd, and ſhe will remember that Evening 9 Months, from the 3d of *April*, by a very remarkable Token. The next, as I ſaid, I went to was a Common Swearer: Never was Creature ſo puzzled as my ſelf when I came firſt to view his Brain; Half of it was worn out, and fill'd up with meer Expletives, that had nothing to do with any other Parts of the Texture; therefore, when he call'd for his Clothes in a Morning, he would cry, *John?* — *John* does not anſwer. *What a Plague! No Body there? What the Devil, and not me!* John, *for a lazy Dog as you are.* I knew no Way to cure him, but wri-

writing down all he ſaid one Morning as he was dreſſing, and laying it before him on the Toilet when he came to pick his Teeth. The laſt Recital I gave him of what he ſaid for half an Hour before, was, *What, a Pox rot me! Where is the Waſhball? Call the Chairmen: Damn 'em, I warrant they are at the Ale-houſe already! Zounds, and Confound 'em.* When he came to the Glaſs, he takes up my Note--*Ha! This Fellow is worſe than me: What, Does he ſwear with Pen and Ink?* But reading on, he found 'em to be his own Words. The Stratagem had ſo good an Effect upon him, that he grew immediately a new Man, and is learning to ſpeak without an Oath, which makes him extremely ſhort in his Phraſes; for, as I obſerv'd before, a Common Swearer has a Brain without any Idea on the Swearing Side; therefore my Ward has yet mighty little to ſay, and is forced to ſubſtitute ſome other Vehicle of Nonſence to ſupply the Defect of his uſual Expletives. When I left him, he made uſe of, *Odſbodikins! Oh me!* and *Never ſtir alive!* and ſo forth; which gave me Hopes of his Recovery. So I went to the next I told you of, the Gameſter. When we firſt take our Place about a Man, the Receptacles of the *Petricrannium* are immediately ſearch'd. In his, I found no one ordinary Trace of Thinking; but ſtrong Paſſion, violent Deſires, and a continued Series of different Changes, had torn it to Pieces. There appear'd no middle Condition; the Triumph of a Prince, or the Miſery of a Beggar, were his alternate States. I was with him no longer than one Day, which was yeſterday. In the Morning at Twelve, we were worth Four Thouſand Pounds; at Three, we were arrived at Six Thouſand; half an Hour after, we were reduc'd to One Thouſand; at Four of Clock, we were down to Two Hundred; at Five, to Fifty; at Six, to Five; at Seven, to One Guinea; the next Bet, to Nothing: This Morning, he bortow'd Half a Crown of the Maid who cleans his Shoes; and is now gaming in *Lincoln's Inn-Fields* among the Boys for Farthings and Oranges, 'till he has made up three Pieces, and then he returns to *White*'s into the beſt Company in Town again. This ended our firſt Diſcourſe; and it is hoped, you will forgive me that I have pick'd ſo little out of my Companion at our firſt Interview. In the next, 'tis poſſible he may tell me more pleaſing Incidents; for tho' he is a Familiar, he is not an Evil Spirit.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 9.

We hear from the *Hague*, of the 14th Inſtant, *N. S.* That Monſieur *de Torſi* hath had frequent Conferences with the Grand Penſioner, and the other Miniſters who were heretofore commiſſion'd to treat with Monſieur *Rouille*. The Preliminaries of a Peace are almoſt ſettled, and wait only for the Arrival of the Duke of *Marlborough*; after whoſe Approbation of the Articles propos'd, it is not doubted but the Methods of the Treaty will be publickly known. In the mean Time, the States have declar'd an Abhorrence from making any Step in this great Affair, but in Concert with the Court of *Great Britain*, and other Princes of the Alliance. The Poſture of Affairs in *France* does neceſſarily oblige that Nation to be very much in earneſt in their Offers; and Monſieur *de Torſi* hath profeſs'd to the Grand Penſioner, That he will avoid all Occaſions of giving him the leaſt Jealouſy of his uſing any Addreſs in private Converſations for accompliſhing the Ends of his Embaſſy. It is ſaid, That as ſoon as the Preliminaries are adjuſted, that Miniſter is to return to the *French* Court. The States of *Holland* have reſolv'd to make it an Inſtruction to all their Men of War and Privateers, to bring into their Ports whatever Neutral Ships they ſhall meet with laden with Corn, and bound for *France*; and to avoid all Cauſe of Complaint from the Potentates to whom theſe Ships ſhall belong, their full Demand for their Freight ſhall be paid them there. The *French* Proteſtants reſiding in that Country have apply'd themſelves to their reſpective Magiſtrates, deſiring that there may be an Article in the Treaty of Peace, which may give Liberty of Conſcience to the Proteſtants in *France*. Monſieur *Boſnage*, Miniſter of the *Walloon* Church at *Rotterdam*, has been at the *Hague*, and hath had ſome Conferences with the Deputies of the States on that Subject. It is reported there, That all the *French* Refugees in thoſe Dominions are to be naturaliz'd, that they may enjoy the ſame good Effects of the Treaty with the *Hollanders* themſelves, in reſpect of *France*.

Letters from *Paris* ſay, the People conceive great Hopes of a ſudden Peace, from Monſieur *Torſi*'s being employ'd in the Negotiation, he being a Miniſter of too great Weight in that Court, to be ſent on any Employment in which his Maſter would not act in a Manner wherein he might juſtly promiſe himſelf Succeſs. The *French* Advices add, That there is an Inſurrection in *Poictou*; 3000 Men having taken up Arms, and beaten the Troops which were appointed to diſperſe them: Three of the Mutineers being taken, were immediately executed; and as many of the King's Party were us'd after the ſame Manner.

Our late Act of Naturalization hath had ſo great an Effect in Foreign Parts, that ſome Princes have prohibited the *French* Refugees in their Dominions to ſell or transfer their Eſtates to any other of their Subjects; and at the ſame Time have granted them greater Immunities than they hitherto enjoyed, they having always had Magiſtrates ſet over them of their own Nation. It has been alſo thought neceſſary to reſtrain their own Subjects from leaving their Native Country, on Pain of Death.

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